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O. PALMER,
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By Claudine Sisson

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The estate had its inception a year after John Burton became the company's president. It was interested in his management for the identical reasons which had induced Robert Brant, owner of big blocks of stock, to choose him for the place; that is, ability to handle and fidelity to trust.

And Brant had come to the gist of his request without the formality of preface.

"Burton," he said, "I want you to look up a young fellow, bratty, energetic, honest, an all-around one, the kind a girl would be sure to fancy."

There was no answer, and Brant, full of his plan, went on. "There isn't a young man of my acquaintance that I feel like intruding my business to when the time comes to shift it, to say nothing of my child's happiness. And I might as well be frank, Burton, I'm afraid Jacie rather favors Scott Harney. Not that I object to Scott as a man, you understand. It's his ego."

Chary of words, Burton nodded.

"Now, you have a better way of meeting and knowing young men than I, and I'm rather a hurry—on Scott Harney's account, you see."

Burton dropped his head in his hands for a minute. "I think," he said finally, "that I know two who would fill the bill. One of them is my sister's stepson, a civil engineer, Croy Perry. The other is a classmate of his, Thad Mosgrove, a young fellow, of excellent business ability, although an artist. I'll invite them out for a month. Mosgrove will—you can have him paint Jacie's portrait, and yes, I think we can manage it."

Robert Brant was a keen reader of men. His original judgment, augmented by daily observation, was certainly high in Burton's favor; yet he was vaguely conscious of a lack of interest, a half-heartedness, that gave him a twinge or two of disquiet.

But the plan worked to a nicely. The young men arrived, pleased with the invitation, and gratified to re-

Crawford Avalanche

O. PALMER,

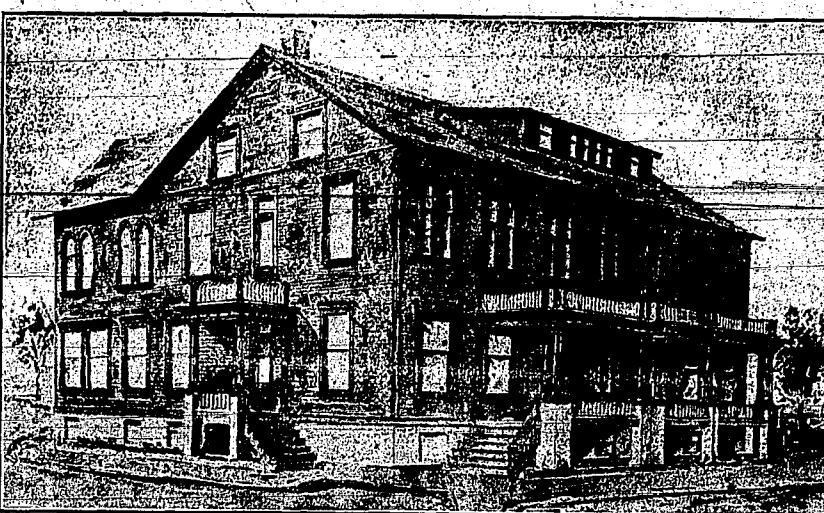
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GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, MAY 25, 1911.

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DEDICATION OF MERCY HOSPITAL.

The solemn dedication of the Mercy Hospital took place at 10 a.m. on Tuesday, May 16, 1911. Rt. Rev. Bishop Richter officiated at the solemn services. The Solemn Highmass was sung by Rev. Frederick Schalk, C. S. S. P., of West Bay City, assisted by Rev. F. A. Caldwell of West Bay City and Rev. J. Doucet of Strandish. Rev. J. B. Theis of West Branch was master of ceremonies. The male choir of St. Mary's Catholic Church assisted by Rev. W. J. Schueler of Campbell's Corner and Rev. J. Superior of Manistee rendered the music; Mrs. M. Hanson presided at the organ. The visiting clergymen in the sanctuary were: Rev. F. A. Kaczmarek of Gaylord, Rev. A. Schumacher of Reed City, Rev. A. Webley of Cheboygan, Rev. J. G. Wyss of Bay City, Rev. A. Studer of Chesaning, Rev. F. Kuehnemann of Sutton's Bay and Rev. J. J. Reiss of Grayling. Many Sisters of Mercy from the various institutions were also present.

At 3 p.m. the laying of the corner stone of Mercy Hospital took place. Rev. R. W. Brown of Grand Rapids performed the ceremony. The Grayling Citizen's Band furnished music and the school children marched in a body to witness the ceremony. On account of the inclemency of the weather, the out-of-town guests and also the citizens of the village, went to the opera house to listen to the different speakers, who were to speak on this occasion. The President of the Village, Mr. Charles McCullough, gave the address of Welcome from the beautiful veranda of the Mercy Hospital. In a few well-chosen and spoken words he welcomed all to the village to witness this great day in the history of Grayling. At the opera house the Rev. John J. Riess acted as chairman of the day. In a few words he thanked all the donators for their hearty co-operation in the work of building and furnishing the hospital, and then introduced Mr. R. Hanson of Grayling as the first speaker to represent the hospital trustees. Mr. Hanson certainly did credit to himself and the trustees, and gave a short history of Grayling and also of the building of the hospital. He also wished to have it understood that the hospital is for all—rich or poor. The second speaker on the program was C. C. Curniali, M. D. of Oscoda. He represented the medical fraternity of Northern Michigan. Although the Doctor's address was entirely extemporaneous, nevertheless he in an able way told of the necessity of a hospital in this locality, and gave from personal experiences many instances where lives, not only of men employed in the lumber camps but also other persons, could have been saved, had there been an institution of this kind here in the past. The last speaker was Rev. Robert W. Brown of Grand Rapids, who represented the bishop of Grand Rapids and also the Sisters of Mercy, who now have charge of the hospital. Father Brown took as his keynote—Charity, Equality and Liberality. He congratulated the citizens of Grayling for having such a modern and up-to-date hospital. He gave an history of hospitals, how they originated, how they progressed and finally what led them to be what they are today. He also wished it understood that the hospital is not only for the rich and well-to-do, but also for the poor, that is non-sectarian, that all irrespective of creed, nationality or wealth, are at all times welcomed by the good Sisters of Mercy, who will give them their best services day and night. He urged all to help support this worthy and charitable cause for humanity; and above all to take pride in this great institution of northern Michigan. The Grayling Band gave their best services and played many beautiful and select pieces, which were thoroughly enjoyed by all.

In the evening a smoker and light luncheon was served in the Grayling Social Club Rooms for the outside guests and visitors. The board of trustees of the hospital were the entertainers. The Medical Society of this section of the state, the O. M. O. C. O. R., were well-represented. The number of out-of-town guests was very large—the hotels were crowded and many persons were compelled to spend the night at friends' and as best they could.

May 16, 1911 was certainly one of the "Red letter" days in the history of Grayling; and as all the visitors, doctors and guests expressed themselves, a day long to be remembered by the citizens of Grayling by old, young and children.

To Too Much Drugging.

When the devil was sick and a saint, it is to be hoped that he tuckered his head under the poison and went to sleep and behaved himself, and did not rear and cavit and sneeze around and take all kinds of fool dangerous drugs as our sick Yankee devil does.

A man who takes too much medicine is as big a fool as the man who, even though really sick, will not take any reading.

Just the one, by love. Why the audience didn't know it long ago, and have the worry over?"

FRENCH WOMAN IN HISTORY

Spirit and Ability One of the Brightest Pages in the Country's Records.

The five academies forming the French Institute are for respecting traditions and rules that exclude Bonapartism. In other words, they are for Bonapartism. The Bonapartes excluded women for the Academy of Fine Arts, where toward the end of the eighteenth century they began to take a highly honorable place. His despotism tended to reduce them to the low level of trivial toys in his court and camp, and on the other hand to throw upon them the colossal task of repairing, not in their homes but in the field, factory and commercial houses, the ruins that his empire entailed.

The French woman had from the earliest times been used to put her shoulder to the wheel when it got mired in deep, mucky ruts. She never did so with more spirit and ability than in the last hundred years. It would be too bad if the fall shade of Bonapartism were to chill the enthusiasm of the hereditary qualities of the chivalrous, jousting and luminous French mind. Bonaparte sold the fine

region of North America—that of the Mississippi, from New Orleans to the Great Lakes—for 7,000,000 francs, to be able to set up his trivial wife and vulgarized sisters, not to mention Mme. Georges, with jewelry worthy of his imperial favor and patronage.

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"And I liked them," Mosgrove humbled. "Just the kind a fellow would choose for friends. I wish there's Harney now. Glad of it. I was rather dreading the adieu."

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"There was no answer.

ceivements from men like Burton and Brant. An introduction to Jacie was a matter of course, and the painting of her portrait followed easily. Every day saw them and Scott Harney regular callers. Scott arrived as they left or leaving as they came.

The portrait, however, did not progress. Burton and Brant comparing notes, decided that this augured unfavorably. Conversation, not painting, evidently was the routine during those frequent visits. If only Scott Harney could be eliminated the equation would be quite satisfactory, Brant told Burton.

Burton, however, refrained from expressing his views, and as the month drew to its close with no definite result, Burton turned to his question, "What do you think of me?"

Brant's fear of failure led him to question Burton as to his opinion, based on his intimacy with his guests. But Burton evaded the question. Perry and Mosgrove had not made him their confidant.

Then it was that Brant decided upon a coup. Burton should have an interview with Jacie, drawing from her without arousing her suspicion, her preference. He himself, a listener unsuspected by both, would form his conclusions from the conversation.

He made his plans with the greatest care. The coat closet should be filled with vantage. He was not uncomfortable and the key had been removed before Perry and Mosgrove were shown in. Their remarks while waiting for Jacie were interesting.

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The SKY-MAN

HENRY KETCHILL WEBSTER
HARRY COOPER & CHAS. W. ROSSER

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SYNOPSIS.

Stutter Cayley, accused of a crime of which he is not guilty, resigns from the Army in disgrace and his affection for his friend, Lieut. Perry Hunter, turns to the services. Captain Roscoe, who had married Cayley's sweetheart, Jeanne, steals a flying machine. While soaring over the Arctic region, he picks up a curiously shaped stick he sees upon a rock. When he lands again, he discovers a yacht anchored in the bay. He meets a girl on an island, Jeanne Fielding, and that

locked into his hand pressed it to his lips before he spoke. There was a silence after that. Then, with a little effort, the girl spoke.

"Philip, do you remember my saying what a contempt you must have for the world that didn't know how to fly? Do you remember that, and the answer you made to it?"

He nodded.

"Philip, is that still there? Your

contempt, I mean, for the world?"

"I don't believe," he said, "that you can even ask that seriously—you, who gave me first my soul back again and then, in these last weeks, my life. For it's been your life that has lived in me these last days—they must be a good many just as it was your warmth and faith and fragrance that gave me back my soul, long ago." He paused a moment, then, when he went on, his voice had a somewhat different quality. "But the other—contempt, I mean—is that still exists, or would exist if I gave it the chance, the world's contempt for me. Not even your faith could shake that."

She had been half-reclining beside him, but now she was more purposefully, like one who has taken a resolution.

"I'm not sure of that," she said, "in a matter-of-fact tone, though there was an undercurrent of excitement in it. Philip, I have been trying to solve a puzzle since you were ill. I hoped I could solve it by myself. If I were intelligent enough I'm sure I could; but I'll have to ask you to help me. It's a string of letters written around a picture in a locket."

"A locket of yours?" he asked, surprised.

"Never mind about that just now. She spoke hastily and the undercurrent of excitement was growing stronger in her voice.

"Do you want me to try it now?" he asked. "If you'll make a light and show me the thing, I'll see what I can do."

"Perhaps you won't need that," she said. "I can remember the letters. They are divided up into words, but I'm sure they are not any foreign language; they are in a code of some sort."

She did not turn to look at him, but she felt him still a little, with suddenly aroused attention, and heard his breath come a little quicker.

"The first letter was all by itself," he said, trying to keep her voice steady. It was N. And then, in one word, came the letters p-t-i-n-q. "That means 'A coward,'" he said. His voice was unsteady, and he clutched suddenly at her hand. She could feel that his was trembling, so she took it in both of hers and held it tight.

"It's a code," he said, "a boyish code of my own. I remember that for a long time after I invented it—I believed it to be utterly insoluble; yet it was childishly simple. It consists simply of splitting the alphabet in two and using the last half for the first, and vice versa. It must have occurred to hundreds of boys, at one time and another, and yet—his voice faltered. "Yet, it's a little odd that you should have stumbled upon another example of it."

"The next word was o-r-g-e-n-r-q." That means betrayed," he said, almost instantly. "Was—was there any more?"

"One little word, three letters, u-v-z." But I know already what they mean, Philip." There was a momentary silence, then she repeated the whole phrase. "A coward betrayed him." She was trembling all over now, herself. "I knew," she said, "I knew it was something like that." Then she dropped down beside him and clasped him tight in her arms. Philip, who was written around your picture, an old picture of you—it must have been, which fell out of your pocket when I was undressing you that night after your fight with Roscoe. I recognized the locket it was enclosed in as Mr. Hunter's. I had often seen it on his watch fob, and it's engraved with his initials."

"It fell out of my pocket," said Philip, incredulously.

"Yes," she said, "that puzzled me, too, for awhile; and finally I figured it out. You must have found it."

"That night in Roscoe's cave, when I was waiting for him. I had forgotten it until this moment."

"I knew it must be like that," she said, "something like that. And wasn't it?" she began.

"Hunter's code as well as mine? Yes. We made it up together when we were boys," he said, and we used it occasionally ever after we left the Point. We wrote in it, both of us, as easily as in English; and read it the same way."

Her young arms still held him fast. "Philip, he must have been sorry a long time—almost since it happened. It's an old, old picture of you, dear, and the ink of the letters is faded. He's carried it with him ever since, as a reminder of the wrong, he did you, and of his cowardice—in letting you suffer under it."

I suppose it was that, from the first."

"I don't believe he ever meant to you," he said.

She let the sentence break off there, and there was a long, long silence.

He had lifted the hand that was

"I suppose that's true," he said at last. "I suppose I might have saved him then, just as I might have saved him later from Roscoe's dart. I can think of a hundred ways that it might have happened—the accusation against me, I mean—without his having any part in it." Then he said rather abruptly: "Fanshaw told you the story, didn't he?"

She assented. "Most of it, that is. Perhaps not quite all he knew."

"I don't know it all myself," he told her. "That is, I have filled it in with guesses. I knew about the girl. Hunter was half mad about her, and she, I suppose, was in love with him. Any why, he came to me one night—the last time I ever talked with him—ranging with excitement. The girl's father had found out about him and meant to kill him, and perhaps her, too. Anyhow, she had forbidden Hunter seeing her again. We took a drink or two together, before I started, and I suppose he must have drunk himself half mad after that, for he started right on my trail and did what you know. I have always supposed, until just now, that he had used my name as his own with her, to screen himself from possible trouble. But that may not have been the case. He may simply have spoken of me as his friend."

"The girl was in love with him, and it would be natural for her to give her father my name instead of Hunter's, and make the accusation against me. I suppose he thought that I could, probably, clear myself easily enough, without involving him, and that the whole row might blow over without doing any irreparable damage to either of us. And then,

"No, no—look—look!" he commanded, his excitement mounting higher with each word.

She obeyed reluctantly, but at what she saw her body became suddenly rigid, and she stared—as one might stare who sees a spirit. For the faint pencil of white light swung on a pivot, dipped clear to the horizon.

"There," he said, "look there! What she was simply a pencil of white light, pointing straight from the horizon to the zenith, and reaching an altitude of perhaps 20 degrees. Compared with the stupendous electrical displays that they were used to see in winter sky, it was utterly insignificant, and from the sun turned to search his face, in sudden alarm.

"No, no—look—look!" he commanded, his excitement mounting higher with each word.

"It's Tom," she said.

"Call him! It's your voice he'll want to hear." But it was a moment before she could command it. She called his name twice, and then a third time, with a different inflection, for a long, leaping flicker of firelight had revealed a little knot of figures round one of the great ice-crags that covered the frozen harbor. One figure, a little in advance of the others, dashed forward at a run. Jeanne sprang to meet him.

For a little while Cayley stood hesitating before the fire, just where Jeanne, in her impulsive rush toward their rescuers, had left him, then slowly, he followed her.

The party on the ice was moving landward again. Even at Phillip's slow pace, the distance between them was narrowing. Jeanne and young Fanshaw were coming on ahead. He saw her stop suddenly and throw an arm around the man's neck. She was laughing and crying all at once, and there were tears in the man's eyes, too. Philip expected that. He knew that Fanshaw loved her. His memory of that fact was all that redeemed his memory of their encounter on the Aurora's deck.

But what he did not expect, was to see Fanshaw suddenly release himself from the girl's embrace and come straight toward him. That was not the most surprising thing—not that, nor the hand which Fanshaw was holding out to him. It was the look in the young man's face.

There was a powerful emotion working there, but no sign of any conflict, no resistance, no reluctance. It was the face of a man humble in the presence of a miracle. He stripped off his gauntlet and gripped Cayley's hand. It was a moment before he could speak.

"It's only just now," he said, "now that I see you here together, that I find it hard to believe. Because I've known all along that you were here with her, keeping her alive until we could get back to her. I've been the only one who has had any hope at all; and with me it's been a certainty rather than a hope—it's as if I had seen you here, together. I've seen you so a thousand times, but now, that I do actually, with my own eyes, it's hard to—. His voice broke there. There was a moment of silence, then he went on: "You must try to forgive us, Cayley—me, in particular, for I know the truth of that old story now. It wasn't Jeanne who told it; it was poor Hunter himself, in a letter. He had written it long ago, and it was among his papers. I want you to read it sometime, I think, perhaps, when you do will be able to forgive him, too."

"That's done already," said Philip. "No, not long ago—with the last few hours. Come, shall we go back to the fire? I suppose we had better wait for another moonrise before we try to get to the Aurora."

It was six months later, a blazing, blue July day, when the gaucho York town lifted North Head, the northern portal of the Golden Gate. Tom Fanshaw and his father had gone to the bridge, but Philip and Jeanne, the two other passengers, remained unremoved by the announcement, sealed as far as possible from the following breeze, fluttering just over their heads.

Looking up, they saw one of the minor officers standing close beside them. He was a dark-haired, dark-eyed, good-looking youngster, whose frank adoration of Jeanne ever since they had come aboard had amused the Fanshaws and secretly pleased—and touched Philip, although he pretended to be amused, too.

They both rose and lounged back against the rail as he came up. "Glad to be nearly home, Mr. Cayley!" said Jeanne. "You have people regard any port in the States as home, don't you?"

"Oh, I'd be glad enough, if a month's shore leave," he said, "if it weren't this particular voyage. I mean—if it didn't mean that we are going to lose you."

She gave him a friendly little smile, and it was then that he noticed the jeweled bracelet on her wrist.

"It's a dark-hair, dark-eyed handsome young man," he said.

"Pat and his little brown mare were familiar sights to the people of the town of Gary. The mare was lean, blind and lame, but by dint of much coaxing Pat kept her to the harness. One day while leading her to water he had to pass a corner where a crowd of would-be sports had congregated. Thinking to have some amusement at Pat's expense, one called out:

"Hello, there, Pat. I'm looking for the real goods. How much is that mare of yours able to draw?"

"Begorra," said Pat, "I can't say exactly, but she seems to be able to draw the attention of every fool in town." The Housekeeper.

SURE SIGN.

Mrs. Wiggins—Our daughter Mary's in love.

Mr. Wiggins—How do you know? Mrs. Wiggins—She refers to twilights as the gloaming.

palm pressed the tears out of her eyes.

"You aren't strong enough yet to be used as the support for a really good cry." Her voice was shaky and her speech uneven. There were still some little half suppressed sobs in it. But she turned her face again towards the southern horizon. "If that's the army wig-wag I ought to be able to read it. Tom taught it to me years ago. Perhaps—perhaps it is he who is signaling now."

"Was there a search-light on the Aurora?" Phillip asked. "I didn't notice when I saw her." He tried to make the question sound casual, but his voice was hardly steadier than hers.

"Oh, yes," she said. "It was one of the things we laughed at Uncle Jerry for insisting upon, but he insisted just the same. It's a very powerful light, Phillip," she said suddenly, after a little silence. "Is it not plain impossible that we see over there?"

"You know you said any father said in his journal that there was no possibility of relief in the winter. Phillip—Phillip, isn't it madness—is it the ice madness?"

But before he could answer, they heard a rifle-shot ring out in the still air.

"No," he cried, "the long wait is over. Thank God they are here. Fire, Jeanne! Fire the revolver! Let them know they are in danger."

"It was lying under her hand. There were only three cartridges left, but she fired them all into the air. Then, almost before the echo from the cliff behind them had died away, they heard a dim call in a human voice—a voice that broke sharply as if the shout had ended in a sob.

"It's Tom," she said.

"Call him! It's your voice he'll want to hear." But it was a moment before she could command it. She called his name twice, and then a third time, with a different inflection, for a long, leaping flicker of firelight had revealed a little knot of figures round one of the great ice-crags that covered the frozen harbor. One figure, a little in advance of the others, dashed forward at a run. Jeanne sprang to meet him.

For a little while Cayley stood hesitating before the fire, just where Jeanne, in her impulsive rush toward their rescuers, had left him, then slowly, he followed her.

The party on the ice was moving landward again. Even at Phillip's slow pace, the distance between them was narrowing. Jeanne and young Fanshaw were coming on ahead. He saw her stop suddenly and throw an arm around the man's neck. She was laughing and crying all at once, and there were tears in the man's eyes, too. Philip expected that. He knew that Fanshaw loved her. His memory of that fact was all that redeemed his memory of their encounter on the Aurora's deck.

But what he did not expect, was to see Fanshaw suddenly release himself from the girl's embrace and come straight toward him. That was not the most surprising thing—not that, nor the hand which Fanshaw was holding out to him. It was the look in the young man's face.

There was a powerful emotion working there, but no sign of any conflict, no resistance, no reluctance. It was the face of a man humble in the presence of a miracle. He stripped off his gauntlet and gripped Cayley's hand. It was a moment before he could speak.

"It's only just now," he said, "now that I see you here together, that I find it hard to believe. Because I've known all along that you were here with her, keeping her alive until we could get back to her. I've been the only one who has had any hope at all; and with me it's been a certainty rather than a hope—it's as if I had seen you here, together. I've seen you so a thousand times, but now, that I do actually, with my own eyes, it's hard to—. His voice broke there. There was a moment of silence, then he went on: "You must try to forgive us, Cayley—me, in particular, for I know the truth of that old story now. It wasn't Jeanne who told it; it was poor Hunter himself, in a letter. He had written it long ago, and it was among his papers. I want you to read it sometime, I think, perhaps, when you do will be able to forgive him, too."

"That's done already," said Philip. "No, not long ago—with the last few hours. Come, shall we go back to the fire? I suppose we had better wait for another moonrise before we try to get to the Aurora."

It was six months later, a blazing, blue July day, when the gaucho York town lifted North Head, the northern portal of the Golden Gate. Tom Fanshaw and his father had gone to the bridge, but Philip and Jeanne, the two other passengers, remained unremoved by the announcement, sealed as far as possible from the following breeze, fluttering just over their heads.

Looking up, they saw one of the minor officers standing close beside them. He was a dark-haired, dark-eyed, good-looking youngster, whose frank adoration of Jeanne ever since they had come aboard had amused the Fanshaws and secretly pleased—and touched Philip, although he pretended to be amused, too.

They both rose and lounged back against the rail as he came up. "Glad to be nearly home, Mr. Cayley!" said Jeanne. "You have people regard any port in the States as home, don't you?"

"Oh, I'd be glad enough, if a month's shore leave," he said, "if it weren't this particular voyage. I mean—if it didn't mean that we are going to lose you."

She gave him a friendly little smile, and it was then that he noticed the jeweled bracelet on her wrist.

"It's a dark-hair, dark-eyed handsome young man," he said.

"Pat and his little brown mare were familiar sights to the people of the town of Gary. The mare was lean, blind and lame, but by dint of much coaxing Pat kept her to the harness. One day while leading her to water he had to pass a corner where a crowd of would-be sports had congregated. Thinking to have some amusement at Pat's expense, one called out:

"Hello, there, Pat. I'm looking for the real goods. How much is that mare of yours able to draw?"

"Begorra," said Pat, "I can't say exactly, but she seems to be able to draw the attention of every fool in town." The Housekeeper.

One Cook

May make a cake fit for the Queen, while another only succeeds in making a pretty good cake from the same materials.

It's a matter of skill!

People appreciate who have once tasted.

Post Toasties

A delicious food-made of White Corn-flaked and toasted to a delicate, crisp brown—to the "Queen's taste."

Post Toasties are served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired.

A breakfast favorite!

"The Memory Lingers"

Pomona Cereal Company, Ltd.

Baileys Creek, Mich.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S L

ELEVEN YEARS OF HEALTH.

Kidney Trouble Never Returned.

Mrs. Everett Griffith, 2845 E. Indiana Ave., Evansville, Ind., says: "I was certainly in bad shape from kidney disease and it is really a wonder that I am alive today. The kidney secretions passed irregularly and were abnormally thick; I had bad spells with my head and at times could hardly stand. My left limb below the knee became so badly swollen that I began to treat myself for dropsy and my back was so sore and lame I could not raise my arms above my head. I was finally induced to take Doan's Kidney Pills and in six weeks I was well. My cure was made in 1899 and I have enjoyed excellent health ever since."

Remember the name—Doan's.

Box Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

What Mamma Said.

When the new minister, a handsome and unmarried man, made his first pastoral call at the Fosters, he took little Anna up in his arms and tried to kiss her—but the child refused to be kissed; she struggled loose and ran off into the next room, where her mother was putting a few finishing touches to her adornment before going into the drawing room to greet the clergyman.

"Mamma, the little girl whispered, 'the man in the drawing room wanted me to kiss him.'

"Well," replied mamma, "why didn't you let him? I would if I were you."

Thereupon Anna ran back into the drawing room, and the minister asked:

"Well, little lady, won't you kiss me now?"

"No, I won't," replied Anna promptly, "but mamma says she will."

Anxiously Waiting.

"I do hope things will take a turn for the better soon. If stocks would only go up!"

"Why have you been investing in stocks, my dear?"

"No, but father has promised that he would buy me a duka as soon as A. G. & W. touches 120."

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of Dr. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Ten Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

With One Exception.

Harpagone—Every man should marry—everybody I have in the world I owe to my wife.

Wigwam—Don't forget that ten spots you owe me—Philadelphia Record.

AK FOR ALL YOUR HAIR.
The Antiseptic Powder to shake into hair-shoes, nail-laces, Corn, Humane, Increasing Nails, Soreness and Swelling, feet, Blister and Callous spots, Sold everywhere...*The Antiseptic Substitute.* Parker's THREE. Address Allen & Company, La Rue, N.Y.

Their Time.

Foolish Fred!—Do you like lobsters? Pert Polly!—Yes, both human and crustacean, in their sand days.

Those with whom we can apparently become well acquainted in a few moments are generally the most difficult to rightly know and understand.

If not God, whence duty? There remains no other source than blind, brutal, tyrannous force. Duty never leaves from that—bluffing.

The herb laxative, Garfield Tea, promptly overcomes constipation, biliousness, tick-headache and insures better health.

Many a man succeeds because he's a good guesser.

Libby's
Evaporated Milk

is the handiest thing in the pantry. It is pure and always ready to use.

There is no waste—use as much or as little as you need, and the rest keeps longer than fresh milk.

Gives fine results in all cooking.

Tell your grocer to send Libby's Milk.



BOYHOOD OF GREAT UNION CAPTAIN

By CALVIN DILL WILSON.

THE cabin in which Ulysses Grant was born April 27, 1822, at Point Pleasant, O., was a one-story building of two very small rooms. It was a weather-boarded structure with two front windows. One room was used for cooking, eating and living.

In the daytime, the whole family slept in the second room. The Ohio river, on which in those days rafts, steamers and flat-boats piled, lay not far from the front door. The father, Jesse Grant, was at that time foreman of the tannery of the village. He had lost his money and was now saving more money for a new start. The Grants, originally settlers in Massachusetts, had emigrated to Pennsylvania and in 1799 to Ohio.

ULYSSES S. GRANT

Ulysses' mother's father, John Simpson, also went from Pennsylvania to Ohio about 1819. In the autumn of 1823 the Grants removed to Georgetown, the county seat of Brown. This remained Ulysses' home until the age of seventeen—he went to West Point.

The year after the birth of Ulysses, Jesse set up a tannery of his own in Georgetown, which was situated in a wilderness of oaks that provided abundance of tanbark. Jesse Grant was strong in body and mind, nearly six feet high, with large head and strong face. He was essentially a New Englander, was fond of arguing, and was much interested in the community because of his dogmatic nature and his northern prejudices. The village consisted of 20 houses, placed about the court house square. On all sides around the village were forests, except where clearings had been made for the fields; these were still filled with stumps. The manners of the people were rude. The houses were small, with low ceilings, bare walls and little furniture. They were made of wood, stones, and calico, with outside chimneys and a separate kitchen behind.

The citizens were plain people, but they despised foolish pride, and they ridiculed the name "Jesse" and given his son and changed it into "Useless."

The boy, but had named Hiram Ulysses; the first name was dropped and S. was afterward adopted by Grant as the initial of his mother's name, Simpson.

The father was always extremely fond of his boy and excited the ridicule of his neighbors by prophecies of his greatness. The Ohio schools were then very indifferent; they were supported by subscription, and a single teacher would have thirty or forty scholars, from little ones leaping the A. B. Cs up to girls and boys of eighteen studying reading, writing and arithmetic. From the age of five or six until seventeen, Ulysses attended the subscription school of Georgetown, except during the winter of 1836-7, when he attended school in Marysville, Ky., and the winter of 1838-9, when he studied at a private school at Ripley, Ohio. He was not studious; both winters were spent going over the same old arithmetic, of which he knew every word before.

His father was, from the boy's earliest recollection, in comfortable circumstances for that time and region. His great desire was for the education of his children; so Ulysses never missed a quarter from school.

He had to work, however, as everyone labored in that region then; his father not only carried on the manufacture of leather and worked at the trade himself, but also owned and farmed some land. Ulysses hated the tanning business, but was fond of farming and of all employments in which horses were used. When Ulysses was eight years old he began hauling from the farm—all the wood used in the house and shop—so he could not load it on the wagons, but he could drive and the choppers would load, and someone at the house would unload. In the woods he was willing to help strip the bark from the trees and to set fire to stumps and brush piles; but the tannery was repulsive to him; he would not scrape nor even handle them.

In ten years Jesse Grant had become one of the prosperous citizens of the town; he had built a brick house and owned a carriage. When Ulysses was ten years old he used to drive a team all alone to Cincinnati, 40 miles

away, to West Point.

Ulysses had no objection to going except that he had a very exact idea of the requirements necessary to get through and could not bear the idea of failing. He had always a desire to travel, and to go to West Point would

not stick to it he needed not go into the tannery now, and he asked what he would like. The boy said he would be a farmer or a river trader or get an education. So his father arranged for him to go to Ripley O., to an academy there. That winter he spent the Christmas holidays at home, and during his vacation his father received a letter from the United States senator from Ohio. When he had read the letter he turned to Ulysses, saying: "Ulysses, I believe you are going to receive the appointment." "What appointment?" the boy asked. "To West Point. I have applied for it." "But I won't go," Ulysses said. His father replied, "I think you will." And Ulysses thought so, too, if his father did for his father expected obedience.

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Crawford Avalanche.

Editor, Owner and Proprietor.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.
One Year \$1.50
Six Months 75
Three Months 40

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1893.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, MAY 18.

Home Circle Department

A column dedicated to Tired Mothers as they join the Home Circle at Evening Tide.

Crude thoughts as they fall from the Editorial Pen—Pleasant Evening Reveries.

Nothing keeps the heart so fresh and young, saves it from bitterness and corrosion through the cares and conflicts and disappointments of life, as the daily enjoyment of a happy home.

Boys are not naturally selfish, and every mother who has not a willing efficient helper in her boy, is herself to blame, and must not only suffer the consequences of her mistake herself, but the future wife will have them to bear also. For your own sakes, mothers, and for the future wives of your boys, spare no pains to impress upon them the magnitude of woman's work. After they have been accustomed to helping in all the ways they can about the house, (and there are few things they will not be the better for having learned to do) they will not think housekeeping "just puttering around."

People always speak well of a boy who minds his own business and who seems to be disposed to be somebody in time. This is a queer world; many people are watching us, and help often comes when and from whom we least expect. Confidence is the factor in which men often deposit rich treasures and as you prove worthy so will your reward of success be. There is a reward in success, which none but those who strive can enjoy. Deserve success and it will come.

To make your home happy, see that you make your wife feel that your affection and tenderness for her are in no degree diminished from the day you first sought her. Do not let her when you can avoid it, sit alone and go out walking alone. You would not have done so "once upon a time." Do not reserve all your blandness and fragrance for strangers or casual acquaintances. There are some men judging from whose out-of-doors manners, it would seem that nothing was left to be desired who are, nevertheless, of the ursa-major tribe at home; men who keep their pleasant ways and genial smiles and cheerful words for company, and who can only be silent and peevish and exacting with their wives. Have such men any just reason to complain that their homes are not happy?

The world grows old; and the stars will cease to illuminate it, and the waters to refresh it, and the mountains to guard it and its long story of sin and shame and glory and triumph will soon turn to ashes, but influences which started in the early home roll on and roll up through an eternity blooming in all the joy, waving in all the triumph or shrinking back into all the darkness. Father, mother, which way are you leading your children?

You can get into the habit of living peacefully and happily, and that habit is quite as difficult to break as any habit we know of. Let there be no long pottings; let there be no long careless, indifferent fits. If little storms arise and they will arise, let them be brief. Don't let us sleep over it, and wake up the next morning and cudgel our brains to remember who nagged last. This kind of thing is mean, it is ungenerous and is silly.

Every mother should teach her daughter just as she would desire some other mother's daughter taught that is to become the wife of her son. Give her, if you can, a knowledge of music, and other accomplishments within your reach, but with them give a practical knowledge of housekeeping.

More money is expected to be offered for loaning on mortgages under the new law which will have a tendency to lower the rate of interest, conferring a boon on the great borrowing class. Ex.

succeeded. She has laid down the jewels which God gave her to brighten and polish, and in their place finds nothing but dust and ashes.

No heart is insensible to words of praise or the kindly smile or approbation, and none are utterly above being affected by censure or blame. Children are particularly sensitive in this respect. Nothing can discourage a child more than a spirit of incessant fault-finding; and perhaps nothing can exert a more painful influence upon both parent and child. If your little one, through the day, has been pleasant and obedient, and you say to him: "My son, you have been good today, and it makes me very happy," and if with more than a usually affectionate embrace, you say "Good night, my dear child," a throb of suppressed feelings fills his breast, and he resolves on always earning such approval.

A Burglar's Awful Deed

may not paralyze a home so completely as a mother's long illness. But Dr. King's New Life Pills are a splendid remedy for women. "They gave me wonderful benefit in constipation and female trouble," wrote Mrs. G. Dunlap, of Lehigh, Penn. If failing, try them. 25c at A. M. Lewis & Co.

New Mortgage Tax Law

Without doubt the most important legislation passed at the recent session of the legislature is the Fowle mortgage registry tax law which provides for a registry tax of 20 cents on the hundred dollars to be paid to the county treasurer before the mortgage can be recorded. The tax is paid but once and is in lieu of all other taxes on the mortgage. The word "mortgage" is defined as including any lien created or imposed upon real property and includes execution contracts for payment of real property known as land contracts.

The only mortgage exempt from the provisions of the law are those given by religious, educational and benevolent associations, building and loan associations and on armories. The average life of a mortgage is nearly five years, hence the tax amounts to one-tenth of one percent per annum—so small a burden that it will not oppress the borrower. Senator Fowle, who authored the bill, claims the authorities show that the borrower under any law always pays the tax. This fact, with the additional fact, that a tax is levied on the property covered by the mortgage, under the law, amounts to double taxation and accounts for the unpopularity of the old system.

The new law goes into effect January 1, 1912. Mortgages given prior to that time remain under the old law, and the mortgages subject to taxation will be taxed under the old law. Opportunity is given under the terms of the new law for anyone holding mortgages to pay the registry tax provided for and thus escape further taxation.

The law is made effective by declaring that no mortgage on any land contract can be enforced until the tax provided for is paid.

Mortgages held by non-residents of the state, by banks and trust companies which now represent by far the greater portion of the mortgages and which are now exempt will have

to pay this specific tax, and while the amount to be paid under the new is comparatively small, the total revenue derived by the state is expected to be equal or greater than that derived under the old law, for

reason that the latest report of the tax commission show that only \$17,000,000 worth of mortgages were on the tax rolls last year while the total mortgages unexpired in the state reached \$10,000,000.

It is Senator Fowle's idea that under this bill practically the entire amount will be taxed with the exception of about \$3,000,000 representing building and loan mortgages. Under the old law a big percent of mortgages were assigned to parties living outside the state to escape taxation and many money lenders have signed their mortgages to banks to avoid paying the tax rate. Under the provisions of the Fowle bill all mortgages are held until the registry fee is paid which precludes all danger of any efforts to escape payment.

More money is expected to be offered for loaning on mortgages under the new law which will have a tendency to lower the rate of interest, conferring a boon on the great borrowing class. Ex.

It Started The World

when the astounding claims were first made for Buckle's Africa Salve, but forty years of wonderful cures have proved them true, and everywhere it is now known as the best salve on earth for Burns, Boils, Scalds, Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Swellings, Eczema, Chapped hands, Fever Sores and Piles. Only 25c at A. M. Lewis & Co.

Wonderful Human Ear.

Wonderful as are the functions of the eye, the ear appears to be a yet more marvelous instrument. People with good hearing do not appreciate the inexplicable delicacy of the little instrument that nature has implanted on each side of their heads. But anatomists appreciate without being able to understand it. There is hardly any trouble with the eye than they cannot adjust, but not so with the ear. When its fairy mechanism is jangled and out of tune it is often impossible to restore its functions. It is the greatest mystery of the human organism.

A woman who fails in her home fails in all. Home is woman's realm, given into her hands to regulate, govern and beautify. If she fails here she may look in vain for another kingdom for she has failed in the only spot where she could have ultimately



EXCURSION

via Michigan Central
Sunday, May 28, 1911

(Returning same day)

TO BAY CITY \$1.40
SAGINAW \$1.60

Train leaves 7:00 a. m.

Tickets accepted in coaches only. Baggage will not be checked on these tickets.

In addition to above fares, tickets will also be sold between all stations where the one-way fare is \$3.00 or less at which this train is scheduled to stop at one and one-half fare for the round trip, with minimum of twenty-five cents.

No. 191 May 25.

Excursion

via Michigan Central
SUNDAY,

JUNE 4, 1911

(Returning the same day)

TO DETROIT \$2.25

Train leaves 1:35 a. m.

Tickets accepted in coaches only. Baggage will not be checked on these tickets.

In addition to above fares, tickets will also be sold between all stations where the one-way fare is \$3.00 or less at which this train is scheduled to stop at one and one-half fare for the round trip, with minimum of twenty-five cents.

No. 192 May 25.

NOTICE:

To the owner or owners of any and all interest in the land herein described, and to the mortgagees or mortgagors named in all undischarged recorded mortgages against said land or any assignee thereof of record:

Take Notice that sale has been lawfully made of the following described land for unpaid taxes thereon, and that the undersigned has title thereto under tax deed issued therefor, and that you are entitled to a reconveyance thereof at any time within six months after return of service of this notice, upon payment to the undersigned or to the register in chancery of the county in which the lands lie, of all sums paid upon such purchase, together with one hundred per cent additional thereto, and the fees of the sheriff for the service or cost of publication of this notice, to be computed upon the services of a declarator of assessment, of five dollars for each description within five dollars, and such description with all other additional cost or charges. If payment as aforesaid is not made, the undersigned will institute proceedings for possession of the land.

State of Michigan, County of Crawford.

Description: Sec. Town Range Amt pd for year Southwest 1/4 of north east 1/4 - 30-32-N-3W-\$1.16-1994

Amount necessary to redeem: \$7.92 plus the fees of the sheriff.

NELSON C. COOPER

Place of business: Lakewood, Ohio.

Dated May 10th, A. D. 1911.

To Annie E. Peck Grantee under the last recorded deed, in the regular chain of title to said land.

Harvey Ellery, Grantee under recorded deed from party showing no title of record.

None. Grantee under the last recorded tax deed issued by the Auditor General.

None. Mortgage named in (As signee of record) all undischarged recorded mortgages.

None. The person in actual possession of said land.

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STATE OF MICHIGAN

The Probate Court for the County of Crawford

At a session of said court, held at the Probate Office, in the Village of Grayling in said County, on the 17th day of May A. D. 1911.

Present: Hon. Wellington Batterson

Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Ira H. Richardson, deceased.

Frank H. Richardson, having filed in said court his petition praying said court to adjudicate and determine who were at the time of his death the legal heirs of said deceased and entitled to inherit the real estate of which said deceased died seized.

It is ordered, That the sixteenth day of June A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing said petition.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

It is ordered, That the sixteenth day of June A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for examining and allowing said account and rendering judgment thereon.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

It is ordered, that the sixteenth day of June A. D. 1911, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at said probate office, be and is hereby appointed for hearing and settling the account of the personal representative of the estate of Ira H. Richardson, deceased.

It is further ordered, that public notice thereof be given by publication of a copy of this order, for three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing, in the Crawford Avalanche a newspaper printed and circulated in said county.

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Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, MAY 14
Local and Neighborhood News.

Take Notice.

The date following your address on this paper shows to what time your subscription is paid. Our terms are \$1.50 per year IN ADVANCE. If your time is up, please renew promptly. A X following your name means we want our money.

All advertisements, communications, correspondence, etc., must reach us by Tuesday forenoon, and cannot be considered later.

Look for the blue X after your name. It means time is up.

Horses bought and sold at Langevin's Livery Barn.

Call on George Langevin for dry wood, to be promptly delivered.

Horses bought and sold at Langevin's Livery Barn.

Big Sale on ready to wear pants Friday and Saturday at Brenner's Cash Store.

J. A. B. Failling is in attendance at the meeting of the Grand Lodge F. & A. M. at Port Huron this week.

Two houses for sale; for particulars inquire of Mrs. H. Joseph, at her residence.

FOR SALE Three desirable lots in Rosette addition to village of Grayling, for prices etc. inquire of Mrs. J. B. Woodburn.

Ladies' buy your Shirt Waists, Skirts and Petticoats at Brenner's Cash Store and save money.

FOR SALE A good dwelling house and three lots on block 28, Rosette's add Village of Grayling. \$2,000. Wright Havens.

Gentlemen when you get ready for a new suit, call in and see. Satisfaction guaranteed. Shop over Collen's Restaurant. A. E. Hendrickson.

jan19-4

About a dozen little friends surprised Irene Winslow, Monday evening, and presented her with a locket and chain, the occasion being her 11th birthday.

Are you going traveling? See us for your Trunks, Leather Suit Cases and Telescopes at Brenner's Cash Store.

Sick headache results from a disordered condition of the stomach, and can be cured by the use of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Try it. For sale by all dealers.

J. M. Howell, popular druggist of Greensburg, Ky., says, "We use Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in our own household and know it is excellent." For sale by all dealers.

We just received another lot of new goods. Come in and see them at Brenner's Cash Store.

FOR SALE A good six room house and four lots in a good location and good repair, for \$3000.00, a good deal less than the house would cost today, call on or address E. H. WAINWRIGHT.

Stop in at A. M. Lewis & Co. and get a free sample of ZEMO and ZEMO SOAP.

The surest and most economical treatment for eczema, pimples, dandruff and all diseases of the skin and scalp. Do not neglect this. They will give you prompt relief and put you on the road to a cure. Good for infants as well as grown persons.

We have arranged with The Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer so that our patrons can secure that sterling paper together with our own, at the exceedingly low price of \$1.75, for one year. This is a rare opportunity and should be taken advantage of.

Fine ready to wear All Wool Serge Suits, \$22.50 suits for \$15.00 at Brenner's Cash Store.

Now is the time to get rid of your rheumatism. You will find Chamberlain's Liniment wonderfully effective. One application will convince you of its merits. Try it. For sale by all dealers.

POR SALE A full line of buggies and harnesses for sale at my livery barn. A few second hand rigs, and anything you want new, from the factory. Call and if you do not find what you want in stock, find it in the catalogue. Geo. Langevin. Jan26

For soreness of the muscles whether induced by violent exercise or injury, Chamberlain's Liniment is excellent. This liniment is also highly esteemed for the relief it affords in cases of rheumatism. Sold by all dealers.

I have bought the entire grocery stock of Silas Body, with all store accounts due to him, which are to be paid to me. New stock has been put in, and I am prepared to meet all calls. Come and see me at the grocery store on the south side of the river.

Feb23 - WALMER JORGENSEN.

Our County Clerk says he is thankful for many favors, he has only to build a new chimney. Last Sunday during the electric storm, lightning struck his chimney off, while all of the family were in the house. Nobody was hurt, and no further damage done.

Is there anything in all this world that is of more importance to you than the good digestion? Eat a meal, digest it, and converted into blood. With the digestion, all the body suffers. Chamberlain's Tablets are a可靠 and reliable cure for indigestion. They increase the flow of saliva, purify the blood, strengthen the stomach, and tone up the whole digestive apparatus to a natural and healthy action. For sale by all dealers.

Miss Anna Ries of Ludington, sister of Father Ries, is spending a few weeks here.

FOR SALE An elegant invalid wheel chair. Enquire of Miss Edith Ballard.

J. Kraus is building a residence on the lot east of the home of Prosecuting Attorney Walton.

Our people are not complaining of drought, for this is a wet country this month, and all hope for its continuance.

At present three new cases entered the hospital. Two critical operations took place. The patients are all progressing nicely.

Geo. Langevin's new house is progressing so that one can see it is to be a handsome addition to our village, and an elegant home.

All Ladies' of the W. R. C. are requested to be present at the next regular meeting to complete arrangements for Decoration Day.

Four inches of rain fell here Sunday p.m., within two hours and half as much on Monday, with terrific lightning and thunder.

Miss Laura Simpson is home from her school at Benton Harbor for the summer vacation, their school year having closed last Friday.

Rev. J. H. Fleming went to West Branch Tuesday morning to meet his wife, where they will remain for a little visit, returning home tomorrow.

The Misses Clara and Ida Wagner, sisters of Mrs. Little Mills, are visiting here. This is their first visit, and they are well impressed with the only town on the map.

The Ladies' of the Circle and W. R. C. cordially invite the members of the G. A. R. and their families to a supper given at the G. A. R. Hall, May 30, 1911, at 5 o'clock.

Chief Shoppington's is enjoying a rest in Mercy Hospital, his extreme age and debility demanding better care and treatment than could be furnished in his home.

Miss Emma Sherman has accepted a position in the A. E. Morrist drug store to look after the express business. She has had considerable experience in express work.

The Ladies' of the Danish Sisterhood had prepared an elaborate lunch to which full justice was given.

Rev. Father Ries accompanied Bishop Richter of Grand Rapids to Wolverine, where a new Catholic church was dedicated; also to Gaylord, where a class of nearly 200 were confirmed.

Mrs. Wm. Fischer and daughter, and Mrs. T. Boesen and daughter, started for Denmark Tuesday, bearing with them the best wishes of our people for a prosperous and happy voyage and safe return.

Please come down to the greenhouse and look at my collection of potted plants for decoration day, there will certainly be something you want.

F. O. Plock, Highway Commissioner.

M. E. Church.

Sunday, May 28, 1911. The regular services at the M. E. church for next Sunday are as follows:

10:30 a.m. Eaton G. A. R. Service in the Presbyterian church. No service in the M. E. church.

11:45 a.m. Sunday School.

3:00 p.m. Junior League.

6:30 p.m. Epworth League. Subject: "The Proof of Faith."

Leader - C. J. Hathaway.

7:30 p.m. Public service. Subject: "How to meet Enemies."

about auto, driven by Dr. Merriman last year, F. O. seems to be the chief chaffeur, but either of them get there just the same. It will save a heap of walking in their business.

LOST - A silk umbrella in the post office, with gold m. inlaid handle and initials J. H. P. carved upon the same. Finder will confer a great favor, and will be liberally rewarded upon leaving it at the Post Office or Printing Office. J. H. Fleming.

The hospital is now a corporate body - "Mercy Hospital of Grayling" under the direct supervision and charge of the efficient hospital order of the Sisters of Mercy. The good Sisters will gladly and cheerfully give any information or care required.

Call on them, become acquainted with the good work they are doing, and forget not to give them a helping hand in their great charitable work for suffering humanity.

Levels Locals.

Our citizens were surprised and saddened last Monday morning to hear of the sudden death of J. V. Miller, of Lovells. While he had not been strong for the past six months, he was not confined to his home, and for the past month had seemed stronger and more able to work, and the last time he was in the village, he said he felt as though he was coming all right. He was looking over the farm last Saturday and seemed quite overcome by the intense heat. A physician was called, but he obtained no relief until death came. The funeral was held at the home, and the body brought here for burial. He was well known throughout the country and was a respected and progressive citizen. His wife and son, Charles of Lovells and Mrs. James McNevin of this village survive him.

Saved Child From Death.

"After our child had suffered from severe bronchial trouble for a year," wrote G. T. Richardson, of Richardson's Mills, Alm., "we feared it had consumption. It had a bad cough all the time. We tried many remedies without avail, and doctor's medicine seemed as useless. Finally we tried Dr. King's New Discovery, and are pleased to say that one bottle effected a complete cure, and our child is again strong and healthy." For coughs, colds, hoarseness, laryngitis, asthma, croup and sore lungs, it's the most infallible remedy that's made.

Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottles free. Guaranteed by A. M. Lewis & Co.

Decoration Day.

The arrangements for the usual observance of Decoration Day, May 30th, are not yet sufficiently complete to allow us to publish the full program.

The exercises will be held in the Opera House, at 2 o'clock p.m. The G. A. R., W. R. C. and Ladies of the G. A. R. marching from their hall, led by the Citizens Band, who will furnish the instrumental music for the day, and the High School Choir are preparing the vocal selections.

An invocation will be offered by Rev. James Ivey, Pastor of the M. E. Church, and the oration delivered by Rev. J. J. Ries, of St. Mary's church.

The usual ritualistic exercises of the Post will be given at the hall, and of the Auxiliary societies at the river, and the cemetery mounds, as weather will permit.

On the return from the cemetery the ladies of both societies have invited an invitation to the Post, and all ex-soldiers and their wives to repair to the G. A. R. Hall, where a luncheon will be served.

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The Avalanche

G. PALMER, PUBLISHER.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

It is fully as painful to be shot on the border as elsewhere.

What has become of the old-fashioned Balkan war cloud?

Belled at last! Boston reports that the lobster famine is broken.

The man that tended the furnace will not be expected to push the lawn mower.

The expert who finds germs in the cat's whiskers would do well to look to his own.

That New York man who wants to exterminate trout will find plenty of volunteer assistants.

Another Chinese cabinet smashed, but then it must be remembered that China cabinets smash easily.

They have found a diamond weighing 244 carats in South Africa. Who will be the lucky hotel clerk?

It is the end, but unlamentable fact that the average constituent prefers garden seeds to copies of speeches.

Whether the world is seventy or ten million years old makes little difference to us. It is a nice old world, anyway.

The only trouble now in ordering our dinner at the restaurant is to decide what to eat with the asparagus on toast.

In New Mexico a woman subdued a wildcat by jumping on its back. Perhaps who had been practicing on her husband.

Germany's idea of a universal language probably consists of words of several syllables spoken with a Teutonic accent.

A Pennsylvania man filled his pipe with gunpowder thinking it was tobacco. We presume he got one good puff, anyhow.

After the housey, the rat and the common-drinking-cup have been abolished—something ought to be done about the street car hog.

A tunnel nine miles long through the Alps was hewed up out of the fear that the airships will soon take all of the transportation business.

The government, in phage research, has examined 50,000 California squirrels. The odd part of it is that it has been done since last summer.

Money, says banker Vanderbilt of New York, "is distressingly easy." Money is a good deal like the painless dentist. He doesn't suffer any.

A Maryland surgeon informs us that transplanting human kidneys is as easy as a plumber's job. We presume, also, that it is as costly a plumber's job.

The interest of Chicago girls in matrimony is only academic. But two per cent of them signify their intention of becoming brides upon graduation.

An eastern physician says—that the reason some men are fat is because they don't get enough to eat. The silly women seem to be getting early this year.

Since an aviation school has been established in Spain students will be enabled to get to those castles in the air for which Spain has long been noted.

Manuel de Zamacoche e Inclan has been appointed ambassador to the United States from Mexico. The rubber stamp must be a handy thing in this case.

An aviator has succeeded in flying in four hours from London to America without bumping into anybody. Travel still is comparatively light in the upper reaches.

A fashionable tailor is advising his customers to select their clothes to match their hair. Probably he will let the bald-headed ones wait until the winter is warmer.

A lady who walked from New York to Florida lost 40 pounds on the way. Still, a good many of the stout ladies will prefer to roll on bedroom floors for the purpose of reducing their weight.

A pretty St. Louis girl has been sent to Cincinnati to cure her of an infatuation for a young man in her home town. Which is or is not complimentary to Cincinnati, it depends upon the point of view.

The new helmet hat for women needs little hair, says a fashion net. And since the day of puffs and braids and such have left little in many cases, it may be a case of tempting the wind to the shorn lamb.

A Chicago judge has decided that girls who kill their sweethearts must give the latter back their engagement rings. The judge is evidently a fair sample of the class of men who do not want poor women to get any enjoyment out of life. Such a proviso would surely take all the pleasure out of killing a man.

A London editor has advised his readers that "high-brow" is an American term used to indicate a bald-headed man. Somewhat or other our aunts never really becomes funny unless an Englishman starts to transrate it.

A citizen of Haddon, Pa., who died the other day at the age of one hundred years, is said to have gone to bed every night with a chew of tobacco in his mouth and swallowed cold chow before morning. A great many of us prefer to die young.

FRATERNAL ORDERS TO HOLD MEETINGS

Annual State Conventions to Be Held in Various Cities.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR TO GATHER

Conclave Will Be Attended by the Sixty Members of Lansing Commandery—Delegation to Pontiac.

Lansing.—Within the next six weeks many of the fraternal orders will hold their annual state conventions in various cities of Michigan. Lansing will entertain one of these and will also send half of delegates to these convocations.

Important matters will be considered when the Grand Lodge, F. and A. M., meets in Port Huron, May 23 and 24. Lansing Lodge, No. 22, will be represented by Worshipful Master Andrew J. Patton, Edgar A. Gregg, his alternate, Dr. W. T. Shaw and John H. Hawks also will attend the sessions. Capital Lodge, No. 66, will be represented by Worshipful Master Frank B. LeClear.

The state conclave of the Grand Commandery of the Knights Templar of Michigan will be attended by the 60 members of Lansing Commandery, No. 25, who will probably be accompanied by their wives. The drill squad will appear in the parade on June 13 and will also participate in the exhibition drill the following day. The commander will be accompanied by a band from this city.

State Secretary W. H. Graham of the Fraternal Order of Eagles estimates that two-thirds of the membership of Lansing Aerie, No. 1039, will go to Pontiac on one of the days that the state convention meets there. Three delegates, Henry Russell, William A. Hosie and John F. Dunnington, have been elected to represent the Aerie at the convention in session, June 20 to 23.

Another state convention is that of the A. U. V., which will be held at Detroit, June 12, 14 and 15. The Lansing organization will elect delegates to attend.

Officers Chosen by K.O.T.M.

The second quadrennial state convention of the Knights of the Maccabees of Detroit elected the following officers at Grand Rapids: Past commander, Charles H. Buell; Detroit commandant, Isaac E. Duff; Western commandant, James W. Wood Flint; record keeper, M. O. White, Adrian; physician, Dr. R. E. Spinks; treasurer, captain, H. H. Hartman; chaplain, W. H. Allen; Grand Rapides, pastor, W. C. Carpenter; Matron.

There was a spirited contest for the position of the two representatives to attend the supreme tent meeting to be held in Cleveland in July. M. E. Glynn of Detroit and Charles F. Heat of Grand Rapids were contended for by Mr. Gray, he stated that the label on the case had no effect on the subject matter.

Attorney Geer stated that he would naturally appeal the case to the supreme court.

Sixth Treasurer After Peddlers.

State Treasurer Sleeter is starting out on employee of his department, J. C. Ryan, to check up the hawkers and peddlers of the state and enforce the law requiring these itinerant business men to pay the license fee required by the state. It is believed that there are several hundred of them who have not complied with the law and prosecutions may be instituted in some cases. Mr. Ryan will devote three or four months to the work.

Aviation Meet Sure of Success.

Since an aviation school has been established in Spain students will be enabled to get to those castles in the air for which Spain has long been noted.

Manuel de Zamacoche e Inclan has been appointed ambassador to the United States from Mexico. The rubber stamp must be a handy thing in this case.

An aviator has succeeded in flying in four hours from London to America without bumping into anybody. Travel still is comparatively light in the upper reaches.

A fashionable tailor is advising his customers to select their clothes to match their hair. Probably he will let the bald-headed ones wait until the winter is warmer.

A lady who walked from New York to Florida lost 40 pounds on the way. Still, a good many of the stout ladies will prefer to roll on bedroom floors for the purpose of reducing their weight.

A pretty St. Louis girl has been sent to Cincinnati to cure her of an infatuation for a young man in her home town. Which is or is not complimentary to Cincinnati, it depends upon the point of view.

The new helmet hat for women needs little hair, says a fashion net. And since the day of puffs and braids and such have left little in many cases, it may be a case of tempting the wind to the shorn lamb.

A Chicago judge has decided that girls who kill their sweethearts must give the latter back their engagement rings. The judge is evidently a fair sample of the class of men who do not want poor women to get any enjoyment out of life. Such a proviso would surely take all the pleasure out of killing a man.

A London editor has advised his readers that "high-brow" is an American term used to indicate a bald-headed man. Somewhat or other our aunts never really becomes funny unless an Englishman starts to transrate it.

A citizen of Haddon, Pa., who died the other day at the age of one hundred years, is said to have gone to bed every night with a chew of tobacco in his mouth and swallowed cold chow before morning. A great many of us prefer to die young.

What has become of the old-fashioned Balkan war cloud?

Belled at last! Boston reports that the lobster famine is broken.

The man that tended the furnace will not be expected to push the lawn mower.

The expert who finds germs in the cat's whiskers would do well to look to his own.

That New York man who wants to exterminate trout will find plenty of volunteer assistants.

Another Chinese cabinet smashed, but then it must be remembered that China cabinets smash easily.

They have found a diamond weighing 244 carats in South Africa. Who will be the lucky hotel clerk?

It is the end, but unlamentable fact that the average constituent prefers garden seeds to copies of speeches.

Whether the world is seventy or ten million years old makes little difference to us. It is a nice old world, anyway.

The only trouble now in ordering our dinner at the restaurant is to decide what to eat with the asparagus on toast.

In New Mexico a woman subdued a wildcat by jumping on its back. Perhaps who had been practicing on her husband.

Germany's idea of a universal language probably consists of words of several syllables spoken with a Teutonic accent.

A Pennsylvania man filled his pipe with gunpowder thinking it was tobacco. We presume he got one good puff, anyhow.

After the housey, the rat and the common-drinking-cup have been abolished—something ought to be done about the street car hog.

A tunnel nine miles long through the Alps was hewed up out of the fear that the airships will soon take all of the transportation business.

The government, in phage research, has examined 50,000 California squirrels. The odd part of it is that it has been done since last summer.

Money, says banker Vanderbilt of New York, "is distressingly easy."

Money is a good deal like the painless dentist. He doesn't suffer any.

A Maryland surgeon informs us that transplanting human kidneys is as easy as a plumber's job. We presume, also, that it is as costly a plumber's job.

The interest of Chicago girls in matrimony is only academic. But two per cent of them signify their intention of becoming brides upon graduation.

An eastern physician says—that the reason some men are fat is because they don't get enough to eat. The silly women seem to be getting early this year.

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The BRONZE BELL

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
AUTHOR OF "THE BRASS BOWL," ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting visit with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady equestrian who has been riding her horse around the room at the supper-table. The room is the room of a bury Hindu. He declares he is Behar Lal Chatterji, the appointed representative of the Emperor of India, as a man of high rank and possessing a mysterious little bronze box. "The Token," into his hand disappears like by magic.

CHAPTER II. (Continued).

"You will have it that I must surrender my only advantage—my incognito. If I tell you how I happen to know who you are, I must tell you who I am. Immediately you will lose interest in me, because I'm really not at all advanced; I doubt if I should understand your book if I had to read it."

"Which heaven forfend! But why?" he insisted mercilessly, "do you wish me to be interested in you?"

She flushed becomingly at this and acknowledged the touch with a ruseful, smiling glance. "But, 'Because I'm interested in you,'" she admitted openly.

"And—why?"

"Are you hardened to such adventures?" She nodded in the direction the beho had taken. "Are you accustomed to being treated with extraordinary respect by stray Bengalis and accepting tokens from them? Is romance commonplace to you?"

"Oh," he said, disappointed, "it's only the adventure! Of course, that's easily enough explained. This half-witted mammoth—don't ask me how he came to be here—thought he recognized in me some one he had known in India. Let's have a look at this tokening."

He disclosed the bronze box and let her take it in her pretty fingers.

"It must have a secret spring," she concluded, after a careful inspection.

"I think so, but—"

She shook it, holding it by her hair. "There's something inside—it rattles ever so slightly. I wonder!"

"No more than I."

"And what are you going to do with it?" She returned it reluctantly.

"Why, there's nothing to do but keep it till the owner turns up, that I can see."

"You won't break it open?"

"Not until—curiosity overpowers me and I've exhausted every artifice, trying to find the catch."

"Are you patient person, Mr. Amber?"

"Not extraordinarily so, Miss Farrell."

"Oh, how did you guess?"

"By remembering not to be stupid."

You are Miss Sophia Farrell, daughter of Colonel Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India." He clucked cheerfully over his triumph of deductive reasoning. "You are visiting the Quains for a few days, while en route for India with some friends whose name I've forgotten."

"The Rolands," she prompted involuntarily.

Thank you. . . . The Rolands, who are stopping in New York, you've lived several years with your father in India, went back to London to "come out" and are returning, having been presented at the court of St. James. Your mother was an American girl, a schoolmate of Mrs. Quain's. I'm afraid that's the whole sum of my knowledge of you."

You've turned the tables, fairly, Mr. Amber," she admitted. "And Mr. Quain wrote you all that?"

"I'm afraid he told me almost as much about you as he told you about me; we're old friends, you know. And now I come to think of it, Quain has one of the few photographs of me extant. So my chain of reasoning's complete. And I think we'd better hurry on to Tanglewood."

"Indeed, yes. Mrs. Quain will be wild with worry if that animal finds his way back to the stable without me; I've been very thoughtless."

"How much longer shall you stay at Tanglewood, Miss Farrell?"

"Unhappily," she sighed, "I must leave on the early train tomorrow, to join the Rolands in New York."

"You don't want to go?"

"I'm half an American, Mr. Amber. I've learned to love the country already. Besides, we start immediately for San Francisco, and it'll be such a little while before I'll be in India."

"You don't care for India?"

"I've known it for less than six years, but already I've come to hate it as thoroughly as any exiled Englishwoman there. It's there like a great, insatiable monster, devouring English lives. Indirectly it was responsible for my mother's death; she never recovered from the illness she contracted when my father was stationed in the Dacca. In the course of time it will kill my father just as it did his father and his older brother. It's a cruel, hateful, ungrateful land—not without the price we pay for it."

"I know how you feel," he said with sympathy. "It's been a good many years since I visited India, and of course I then saw and heard little of the darker side. The people are brave enough, out there."

"They are. I don't know about government, but its servants are loyal and devoted and unselfish and cheerful."

"ful. And I don't at all understand," she added in confusion, "why I should have decided to inflict upon you my emotional hatred of the country. Your question gave me the opening, and I forgot myself."

"I assure you I was thoroughly shocked, Miss Farrell."

"Will you tell me something?"

"'I can."

"About the man who wouldn't acknowledge knowing you? You remember saying three people had been mistaken about your identity this afternoon."

"No, only one—the babu. You're not mistaken."

"I knew you must be David Amber the moment I heard you speaking Urdu."

"And the man at the station wasn't mistaken—unless I am. He knew me perfectly, I believe, but for reasons of his own refused to recognize me."

"Yes?"

"He was an English servant named Doggett, who is—or once was—a valet in the service of an old friend, a man named Rutton."

She repeated the name. "Rutton? It seems to me I've heard of him."

"You have?"

"I don't remember," she confessed, knitting her level brows. "The name has a familiar ring, somehow. But about the valet?"

"Well, I was very intimate with his employer for a long time, though we haven't met for several years. Rutton was a strange creature, a man of extraordinary genius, who lived a friendless, solitary life—at least, so far as I knew; I once lived with him in a little place he had in Paris for three months and, in all that time he never received a letter or a call. He was reticent about himself, and I never asked any questions, of course, but in spite of the fact that he spoke English like an Englishman and was a public school man, apparently, I always believed he had a strain of Hungarian blood in him—or else Italian or Spanish. I know that sounds prettily broad, but he was enigmatic—a riddle I never managed to make much of. Aside from that he was wonderful: a linguist, speaking a dozen European languages, and more eastern tongues and dialects, I believe, than any other living man. We met by accident in Berlin and were drawn together by our common interest in orientalism. Later, hearing I was in Paris, he hunted me up and insisted that I stay with him there while finishing my big book—the one whose title you know. His assistance to me then was invaluable. After that I lost track of him."

"And the valet?"

"Oh, I'd forgotten Doggett. He was a cockney, as silent and self-contained as Rutton. To get back to Rutton: I met Doggett at the station, called him by name, and he refused to admit knowing me—said I must have mistaken him for his twin brother. I could tell by his eyes that he lied, and it made me wonder. It's quite impossible that Rutton should be in this neck of the woods—he was a man who preferred to live a hermit in centers of civilization."

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Buy the New Royal Sewing Machine

Equal to any made.

For Sale and fully warranted by O. Palmer.

WHERE ARE THE TIPPETS?

Once All Boys Wore Them; Now They Are Seldom Seen, Says Oldsay.

"Why," said Mr. Oldsay, "why, I'd like to know, don't boys wear tippets any more? When I was a boy every boy wore a knitted woolen tippet. Some of these were white, some of them were red, some of them were of mixed colors. Some were finished with fringe of the same material on the ends, more of them had on each end a tassel made of the wool; the fringe used to get ragged with wear and rough handling or one or both of the tassels, on a tasseled tippet was sure soon to get torn off."

"Many of these tippets that the boys wore were knitted at home by their mothers; many of them were bought in store; every dry goods store kept tippets you could always see a line of them hanging up in the store; and in those days every boy wore one. They would take a turn or two of their tippet around their neck and then make one loose tie it, not a knot; and let the ends hang down from front or back. See a lot of boys in winter going to or from school or but sliding down hill or skating and you'd see around the necks of these boys as many tippets."

"But where are the tippets now, and why did the boys stop wearing them?" Boys are not any harder now than they used to be, are they? Or did they come to think that tippets looked girlish, stiffish?"

SURE TEST OF GOOD MAN

One Who Will Stop to Let Boys Hitch Their Sleds to His Wagon.

We say he is a good man who will stop and let the boys hitch their sleds to his wagon. We saw one the other day. A big smile—that seemed to warm the air around broke from his face as he waited for the boys to hitch on. The clatter they made and their happy voices were as music to his soul.

Then he drove on, looking back to see that all was going well. He remembered he was a boy once, and how much delight there was in hitching on and being pulled. At times he would laugh outright. He forgot the \$72 he had in his pocket, the proceeds of two swines that he had hauled in. His heart was on bigger things—making others happy. And he thought of his own boy back at home, how he would enjoy being with those boys, and he wished he was.

And so he rode on, smiling and looking back, and occasionally hitting the horses to make the sleds jerk, and hear the boys about their happiest, when they held on the tighter or dropped off in the snow and raced again to get a tighter grip. There is a scene that beats a banquet or an inauguration out of all reckoning, and there is in that wagon an old man who is one of the princes of mankind. —Ohio State Journal.

London's Overhead Fog.

The partial fog in which certain portions of London have been submerged during the last week or two culminated yesterday in a black pall which covered the metropolis and the suburbs for a radius of from six to seven miles. It was of the variety known as the "overheated fog," blighting out the light of the sun, but bringing none of the unpleasant consequences associated with the London particular. The air near the ground was fairly clear, even when day was turned into night. As is usual in such circumstances, the canopy of fog was of varying density. Though there was a dead calm as far as the tops of the highest trees, currents of air higher carried the smoke pall now in one direction, now in another. To this reason were due the curious effects produced of twilight suddenly merging into complete darkness, which was exchanged half an hour or so later for a plebeian dawn.—London Chronicle.

Connecticut Farmers Against Rabbit. Most assuredly the proposed protection of rabbits by imposing a limit upon catches and by lessening the opening season will not be approved by farmers and fruit growers. Under present limitations rabbits have multiplied until they have become almost a plague.

Their principal offense is the girdling of fruit trees, to which they are strongly addicted even when the ground is not snow-covered. So far as known they serve no useful purpose except as food; their pests are next to valueless, bringing only a cent each and "slow sale" even at that price. Farmers bring the additional charge that rabbit hunters tear down and do not reconstruct their fences, and this complaint is founded upon facts.—Bridgeport Farmer.

Six Carloads of Chickens. Thirty thousand chickens passed through western cities recently from Nebraska to San Francisco. The fowls were sidetracked at various points and were viewed by many people. The shipment was made by J. G. Gaesel, who owns a number of poultry houses in different parts of Nebraska. It consisted of six carloads, every car carrying approximately five thousand fowls.

Each car had a keeper, who gave the birds constant attention and saw that they were properly fed and watered. The trip is usually made in eight days, but in this instance it took fifteen days on account of snow.

C. E. CONVENTION PLANS COMPLETE

Detroit Ready For Hundreds Who Will Attend.

FEATURES OF CONVENTION

RESULTS ARE DESIRED

Convention Committee Composed of Representatives From the Leading Young People's Organizations in Detroit—Plans Include All Denominations.

CONVENTION FEATURES.

- Free Automobile Trip, Thursday at 3 p.m.
- Free boat ride on Detroit River, Saturday, at 2:30 p.m.
- Free entertainment to all delegates.
- Gov. Osborn speaks Thursday, at 7:30 p.m.
- Ex-Gov. Hanly of Indiana speaks Saturday at 7:30 p.m.
- The convention will give all delegates rest, recreation and inspiration to do something worth while.

The committee in charge of the Twenty-second Annual Michigan Christian Endeavor Convention reports that the preparations have been completed for the great gathering to be held next week in Detroit, June 22-25. The program is throughout the best, and most comprehensive ever offered to a single young people's convention. From the automobile trip, Thursday afternoon to the final session Sunday evening everything has been done that possibly could be done to make the stay of all the delegates most pleasant and enjoyable. The following program will speak for itself:

Thursday evening at 7:30, a prayer and praise service will be followed by addresses by Dr. J. Percival Hulse, pastor of First Congregational church of Detroit; Mr. Elbert M. Hayes, president of Detroit Christian Endeavor Union; Dr. C. H. Hubbard, president of Michigan Christian Endeavor Union; and Gov. Osborn.

Quiet hour services will be conducted Friday and Saturday morning by Dr. Samuel S. Marquis, dean of St. Paul's cathedral, Detroit.

Friday morning, after a short address by Miss Caroline Parsons of Kalamazoo, the convention will be divided in eight simultaneous conferences for the discussion of the problems incident to the following departments of work: Officers of societies, junior and intermediate work, lookout, prayer meeting, social, missionary and citizenship committees and pastors. This session will close with an address by Dr. Harry Stark of Saginaw. At 12 o'clock there will be a luncheon for all junior workers.

During Friday afternoon's session there will be addresses by Dr. J. Kellogg of the Battle Creek sanitarium; Miss M. Josephine Petrie, secretary of the young people's department of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions; and Dr. Isaac T. Headland, president of the Methodist university at Pekin, China. After a prayer and praise service Friday's session will be addressed by Dr. Francis E. Clark, founder of the Christian Endeavor movement, and President Isaac T. Headland.

The Saturday morning session will begin with a quiet hour lead by Dr. Samuel S. Marquis. After brief reports by the state officers and an address by Mrs. Hutchinson of Toledo, "Junior Work," the entire convention will be divided into simultaneous conferences to discuss problems incident to the departments of work discussed Friday morning.

The entire afternoon Saturday will be devoted to a boat ride on the beautiful Detroit River. There will be but one speaker Saturday night, the Hon. J. Frank Hanly, ex-governor of Indiana.

Sunday morning, the various convention speakers will occupy platform pulpits in Detroit. Sunday afternoon there will be a meeting for women addressed by Dr. Carolyn Geisel. The men will unite with the Young Men's Christian Association in a meeting addressed by Dr. J. R. Landrich, editorial secretary of the Presbyterian Brotherhood of America.

The final session of the convention, Sunday evening at 7:30, will be addressed by Dr. J. R. Landrich and Rev. Morris W. Ehnes, educational secretary of the Young People's Missionary Movement.

The convention headquarters will be the First Congregational Church on the corner of Woodward and Forest Aves. In the evening simultaneous sessions will be held in the First Congregational church and St. Paul's cathedral, which is on the corner of Woodward and Hancock Aves.

Throughout the convention ample opportunity will be given every delegate to have personal interviews with the leaders.

There will be an unexcelled exhibit of junior work and literature pertaining to every department of young people's work in general. All members of Christian young people's societies who wish to attend this wonderful convention should apply at once to Miss Mary R. Phinney, 107 Collingwood Ave., Detroit, for delegates' credentials.

Today's church without an active young people's religious society is considered to be lacking in an essential and failing a duty as well as an opportunity.

MANY DISCUSS BEST METHODS

Much Time Will Be Spent on Solution of Problems.

RESULTS ARE DESIRED

Conferences Will Be Held Two Mornings For the Express Purposes of Throwing Light on Local Circumstances. Conferences Will Cover Every Department of Young People's Work.

The convention aims not simply at the creation of enthusiasm, but also at the intelligent solution of local problems.

The committee in charge of the Twenty-second Annual Michigan Christian Endeavor convention, to be held in Detroit, June 22-25, will have a definite forward step. Many young people's conventions have been characterized by a great enthusiasm generated by many eloquent speakers in itself a good thing. But much of this zeal has been aimless, nothing more than an indefinite spiritual elation.

The plans for the coming convention make ample provision for the creation of enthusiasm. The point of difference lies in the fact that all of the enthusiasm will be directed along the channels of greatest efficiency—it will be put to work in the most effective way possible.

It is recognized that each young people's society has problems which, though unique in many respects, are similar in other points to difficulties which others have faced. In a conference conducted by an expert, each one will be encouraged to express his local difficulties, and the training and experience of the conference leader and every member as well will be applied for the time being to the case in hand. Thus the enthusiasm generated by the public addresses and the

quiet hour services will be conducted by Dr. J. Percival Hulse, pastor of First Congregational church of Detroit; Mr. Elbert M. Hayes, president of Detroit Christian Endeavor Union; Dr. C. H. Hubbard, president of Michigan Christian Endeavor Union; and Gov. Osborn.

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Change of Heart

By Donald Allen

The family of Judge Winters had known the family of Colonel Bellaire for years and years. That meant that Fred Bellaire and Agnes Winters had known each other as boy and girl. The fathers hadn't settled it over their wine and cigars that the two had not met since that evening. For a month afterwards she had been upheld by conscience. Then a still small voice began to trouble her by asking if she hadn't been too hard on Fred. She had almost come to the conclusion that she had and she wanted to be out in the air and alone to settle the question with herself.

It was not necessary that young Bellaire should choose a profession. He had been left money and he drifted along as other rich young men do—the clubs—travel—Newport golf—autoing and the races. And in the intervals he spent his time admiring Agnes Winters and falling in love with her. On her side, she liked him but she had no stronger feeling. She was a bit of a prude and had old-fashioned notions.

He would have stood better in her estimation had she found him with a carpenter's apron on and a saw in his hand. He had asked for her hand, and without giving her time to reply, had asked her to think over it for a week. "I have thought," she said when the week had expired and he was back for his answer.

"And you are going to decide against me?" he whispered as he read her answer in her face.

"I am and I want to give you my reasons. You are a butterfly—a flutterer. You have accomplished nothing, and you have nothing in view. Aside from the society journals, you are a nonentity."

"If you say go to the south pole I'm off," stoutly replied Fred.

"You wager on the races and other things. You play for high stakes at the club. You have the gambling spirit in you."

"But I almost always win."

"Then it's even worse. You've got money, but you throw it about in the wheel like the cur he was."

The tough must be given credit for fairness. Had they rushed Fred he might have gone down, but they didn't. They gave him time to peel-off coat and waistcoat and then one of them stepped forward with fists up. In 30 seconds he was down and out. The second one lasted about a minute.

"Good!" exclaimed the third as he came forward. "You are a great little man. It's months since I had a scrap and I'm thankful you came along. It's Queenberry rules to govern and may the best man win. If that driver of yours hasn't swallowed his teeth let him act as timekeeper."

Did Miss Agnes jump out and run down the road screaming? Did she sit there with her hands over her face? Not quite. She sat there open-eyed and watched the prettiest little scrap that ever took place on a highway. Fred never looked her way, even during the rest between rounds. The two men who had been knocked out recovered in due time and sat up and watched the fun.

The fight was as fair as a ring battle, the contestants giving and taking and smiling as they got-in or received a blow. The light of battle was in their eyes and the joy of contest in their hearts and the girl sat there and noted every move. Five-six-seven rounds. She even counted them, though she never would admit it afterwards. And then, just at the close of the eleventh round, Fred settled matters with a blow on the point of the chin and he stood puffing and blowing and leaning against the wheel of his auto—while the man slept for a few seconds and then awoke to nod to his fellows. Then the three disappeared. When they had disappeared the girl called out:

"Fred, please come here!"

"Yes," he answered as he advanced.

"I—I think I have undergone a change of heart. I shall be pleased to have you call this evening. Never mind your black eye and skinned nose!"

Fred called.

Sport in British Columbia. The coast range of mountains of British Columbia contains an abundance of black and grizzly bears, to be found in the spring on the open slides; where the young grass first begins to show green at the foot of the snow-drifts, and in the late autumn along the small creeks where the salmon crowd to spawn and afford an abundant food supply for the bears before they hold up for their long winter sleep. Here, too, the quaint mountain goat and the little black-tailed deer are more numerous than in any part of the province, quite sufficiently protected by the inaccessible nature of this forbidden range of mountains, a thousand miles in length and a hundred miles in width, mostly unexplored, and practically impenetrable to any distance from salt water or the lower navigable stretches of the incoming streams. The white-man in his motor boat and the Indian in his canoe may harry the outskirts of this district; but until the perfection of the aeroplane the game in the middle of the coast range is absolutely safe from its worst enemy. When man really learns to fly as easily as he will, he can pull a boat, the mountains will hold no more secrets, and nothing can save the game from extermination less than a total upsetting of the modern Tower of Babel.—Wide World.

"And lastly," continued Miss Agnes, "I say your name in the paper, the other day among the list of attendants at a club where a prize fight was held. It's there in plain print.

The next thing you will be figuring as one of the principals. I do not care if you understand these things you know."

"But I don't and don't want to. When you enter the ring will it be as Battling Bellaire or what?"

"Agnes, you are altogether too severe and old-fashioned. I have seen the movies of the day at a club right and enjoyed every round of it. Your own father—"

"My father is not under discussion, sir, and there is no more to discuss. I must answer no to your proposal and hope that you will make a change for the better in your life."

"Say, now, Agnes, you can't mean it! Just because a fellow—"

and enjoyed every round of it. Your own father—"

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